FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

TO MY DOLLY.

How can you lie so quiet there?
With eyes wide open, too,
With pinkest cheeks and smoothest hair,
All in your cradle new;
And never even smile at me,
Or do a single thing,
And I as glad as glad can be—
Oh! sing, my dolly, sing!

The richest baby in the town
Has not a grander bed,
Or pillow made of softer down,
To lie beneath its head;
No kinder mamma rocks her pet
With such a gentle swing,
And never once is heard to fret—
Then sing, my dolly, sing!

I guess you're weary lying there,
So I will dress, you, Miss,
And curl your pretty flaxen hair;
Now up, and kiss, and k ss!
Your tiny shoes, your skirt of lace,
Your satin hat I'll bring,
Your lovely blue silk sash and dress—
Oh! sing, my dolly, sing!

Was ever such a lady seen?
And all my very own:
You're really fit to be a queen,
And sit upon a throne!
Oh! dolly, I'm so glad to-night,
Your arms around me fling,
And hug me just the leastest mite,
And sing, my dolly, sing!
—*M. A. Maitland, in Christian at Work.*

ERNEST'S PUNISHMENT.

But It Seemed to Furnish Him Lots of "Splendid" Fun.

Ernest and E sie were spending the summer at Grandpa Darling's, in the country.

Such a lovely old place as it was, and such a dear, kind grandpa and grandma could not be found anywhere else in the wide world—the children thought.

"I just wish all the world was in the country, and all the year was vacation, and all the people were grandpas and grandmas," cried Ernest, one day, to his little sister.

The days seemed so very shor', and there was so much to do and see, that they agreed to get up earlier in the morning. So they appeared in the kitchen, one morning, before the sun had got very far on his day's journey.

"Well! well!" said grandpa, "what are these children up at this time of day for, I wonder?"

"'Cause we can't spend the time sleeping here," said E sie, "we can make it up when we go home."

Then they ran out to see 'Lijah, the hired man, strain the foaming pails of milk into the big, green creamer, and, as usual, he filled their own mugs with the sweet, warm milk. Then Grover and Rebecca, the cats, were fed; and the hens and chickens were given their measure of corn.

Such rare pleasure was this to the city children, they could hardly stop to eat the nice breakfast grandma had prepared. But it was almost as hard to stop eating, every thing tasted so good.

After prayers, grandpa told 'Lijah to harness Tom, as he must go to the village.

"Do you s'pose he'll take us?" asked Ernest, in a whisper, as he stood with Elsie watching grandpa packing eggs in a big basket.

"May be he won't think of it," whispered back Elsie, "and mamma said we mustn't tease; but I do hope he will."

"Ten dozen," said grandpa, looking up, presently. "I shall have to take them to my customers, and if I only had some one to hold the hors for me, it would save me a sight of trouble."

"O grandpa! Let us go—please do. I could hold Tom," cried Ernest.

"So you can," said grandpa. "Get your hats, and jump in."

It was such fun to ride on the "buckboard," over the smooth roads, behind such a strong, handsome horse. When they reached the long hill, before they got to the village, Ernest drove, and then his happiness was complete.

"Stop here," said grandpa, when they came to a pretty cottage. "I've got to leave some eggs here, and may be the doctor will talk quite a spell, he usually does, but Tom will stand if you leave the reins loose."

Grandpa had no sooner entered the house, than a naughty thought found its way into Ernest's heart.

"I don't believe grandpa will care if I just drive around the common," he said to E'sie. "Tom is so steady, it won't do any harm for me to drive him all myself."

"He might run away," said Elsie, "and grandpa said to leave the reins loose. I'm sure mamma wouldn't like you to do it." But Ernest had already taken up the reins, and the horse walked slowly off.

"How he pokes along," said Ernest. "I knew I could drive him. I believe I'll just touch him up a little with the whip, so he will trot going past the hotel."

"Oh, don't!" cried Elsie; "grandpa never strikes him."

But the warning came too late. At the touch of the whip the horse gave a spring and bounded away. Past the hotel, past the church; then down the river road until he came to the grist-mill, where he suddenly turned off on another road without slacking his speed. The children clung frantically to the seat, and though they were terribly frightened, they did not scream or speak, and Ernest still kept hold of the reins.

Their surprise and delight can hardly be imagined when suddenly the horse stopped and they found themselves at Grandpa Darling's door.

Grandma hurried out, with her cap-strings flying, to see what was the matter.

When grandma took them into her motherly arms they both began to cry for joy.

"'Twas all my fault, grandma," said Ernest, when he could speak. "I just wanted to show Elsie that I could drive as well as grandpa, but I thought we should both be killed and I could'nt ever tell him how sorry I was that I didn't mind him."

"Grandma kissed the little tear-stained faces, and called 'Lijah to drive the horse back for grandpa.

It seemed a very long time before they returned. Ernest's heart was very heavy as he sat under the lilac bushes with Elsie, eating bread and jam.

"I 'fraid grandpa will think I'm the baldest boy that ever was," he moaned, "and may be he'll send me home."

"May be he'll laugh and shake the same as 'Lijah did," said Elsie, trying to comfort him.

"Oh, dear, I most know he won't!" said Ernest, and at that moment they drove up to the door. Ernest thought his grandfather looked very stern. However, he hurried to confess as soon as grandpa got out of the wagon.

"I wish I'd minded you grandpa; I didn't know he'd run. I'm sorry, and I won't never do so any more," he stammered.

"Well, well," said grandpa, "I'm afraid I shall have to punish you, but we'll wait till after dinner. It's a good thing Tom knew the way home."

Ernest did not enjoy his dinner very much, though grandma piled his plate with fried chicken, and ever so many good things. He was thinking about the punishment and wishing it was over.

Grandpa told funny stories, and seemed to have forgotten all about it, but when he arose from the table he said: "Well, young man! we might as well have that punishment business settled. I've decided to have you work it out."

"How?" asked Ernest, faintly.

"You must bring in the eggs every day while you stay," said grandpa.

"Oh, oh!" cried Ernest, "I like to do that; it's just splendid!"

"And I'll give you a cent a dozen for all you'll bring in," said Grandma Darling.

"Can't I help, too?" asked Elsie.

"Why, you haven't got to be punished," said grandpa; but then, maybe it will do for some other time," and the old man laughed heartily.

Then the children hurried away, with merry shouts, to hunt for eggs. And it was such fun they never were tired of it. And grandma declared "the hens never laid so many eggs before."—*Julia D. Peck, in Youth's Companion.*

FOUR FOOLISH PERSONS.

A Little Boy, a Big Girl, a Little Girl and a Silly Farmer.

Once a little boy named Herbert sat down and cried on his birthday, because he was afraid he would not have a birthday present. And at that very moment a beautiful horse was going to him as fast as it could! It was of just the right size for a little boy, and it was said to be a very fast (rocking) horse, too; and Herbert was very fond of riding lively horses.

Once there was a big girl named Nancy. She liked to go to the Central Park, in New York, and look at the lions, tigers, panthers, and other savage animals; but one day, when she was at home, a pretty little four-footed creature, not nearly so big as her shoe, ran across the room, and Nancy jumped up on a chair and screamed. The little creature did not wish to harm her, and it ran and hid itself in a hole—but Nancy screamed, just the same, till some one came to see who was trying to kill her.

Once there was a little girl who had a lovely doll and a pretty live kitten. One day the pretty kitten lay down on the doll's lap and took a nap. This crushed the doll's fine new dress. Then the little girl was very angry at the kitten for doing this, and she would not give the poor kitten any supper. The kitten cried, but he did not know what he had done. He was only a kitten.

One day a foolish farmer started to take a bag of corn to the mill. As he had strong arms he held the bag so very tightly that he burst a big hole in one corner of the bag, and the corn began to spill out. It spilled out slowly all the way to the mill; but the man did not see it, and he was much puzzled. "My bag grows very light," he said—"and why do so many geese follow me? They cackle for me to give them some of my corn, but I can not spare any. Geese are the foolishest things I ever did see. High-ho! It's a long way to the mill."—*St. Nicholas.*

Good Advice to Girls.

To one of his daughters at school Bishop McIlvaine gave the following counsel:

"Don't cultivate that sort of violent friendship which leads to a sort of confidential communication which can not be made known to your parents. Be very particular as to whom you allow to be familiar with you, as your near companions and friends. First, know well the person, before you allow a closer intimacy; and the moment you see any thing wrong in a co panion, think what effect it should have on your intimacy. Learn to say 'No!' decisively, to any request or proposal which your judgment tells you is not right. It is a great thing in a child to learn o say 'No,' when it is right to do so. Make it a rule to hear nothing from any girl which you may not be allowed, and would no be willing, to tell your dear mother. Be careful to let nothing interfere with your regular private prayers and reading of the Scriptures; and labor to give your whole heart and life to God."

—A petrified fish about seventeen and a half inches long and six inches thick was found on the Oregon mountain 3,000 feet above the sea level.

GUNS AND CRUISERS.

An Alabama Congressman Chats About Fast European War Ships.

Congressman Herbert, who has been abroad since the close of the last session of Congress, devoted considerable attention to the study of naval matters. His service as Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee in the last Congress made him especially familiar with the subject, and, of course, added to his interest in his studies and researches.

"I saw the fastest cruiser ever built," he said to your correspondent, "She was just being completed by an English firm when I visited her. She is finished now, however, and has been tested and makes, as I learn from the builders, over twenty-one knots an hour."

"How many miles is that, Mr. Herbert?"

"A knot," said the ex-Chairman of the Naval Committee, with a look of pity for the ignorance of the newspaper man who don't know a knot from a mile, "a knot, my dear sir, is about a mile and one-seventh. Apply your mental aritumetic, and you will find that twenty-one knots are equivalent to twenty-four miles. As this vessel made something over twenty-one knots, it is safe to put down her speed at nearly twenty-five miles an hour, or nearly equal to a fair railroad rate."

"How does that compare with the speed attained by our new cruisers?"

"Well," was the frank reply, "it is considerably ahead of us. Our new cruisers as now completed we began several years ago, and have not all the appliances of the latest sort to secure speed. They make something over sixteen knots an hour. We are promised, however, that one or two of the vessels lately contracted for will be as fast as any thing afloat in this line."

"Does this new fast cruiser carry very large guns?"

"No; cruisers do not carry large guns, you know. She has four twenty-one ton guns and several smaller ones."

"You don't call twenty-one ton guns large, then?"

"O, no; they are very small compared with the large guns made now."

"How large are the largest guns now made?"

"That is a little difficult to answer at an off-hand statement, but it is within the limit to say that the great guns now made, the greatest of them, shoot a ball sixteen inches or more in diameter and weighing over 2,000 pounds."

"How far do they shoot?"

"Some of the great guns now made will shoot a ball fifteen miles."

"Fifteen miles—you don't mean that, do you, Mr. Herbert?"

"Yes, fifteen miles. Of course, they will not shoot with great precision that distance, nor will they shoot so far as that from the deck of a vessel. But they can shoot that far with sufficient accuracy, for instance, to throw a shot into a city or among a fleet of vessels. Of course, it would only be by chance that it would hit a single vessel if fired at it at that distance. In fact, it would be difficult, probably impossible, to see the hull of a vessel that distance."

"Why can not these big guns be fired as well from a vessel's deck as on land?"

"Because the deck of the vessel does not offer the same firm and unyielding foundation; and, beside, the use of so much powder and such a heavy gun would make it likely to sink the vessel from whose deck it was fired. You see when they shoot these long distances they elevate the gun—that is to say, they elevate the muzzle of it, so that the gun stands at an angle of thirty or even forty-five degrees to the earth's surface. Of course, the recoil of a gun weighing two hundred tons, when fired with nearly one thousand pounds of powder would be something tremendous."

"Do the improvements in armor keep pace with those in guns?"

"Well, they are now using armor for turreted vessels, of a thickness of about twenty-six to twenty-eight inches. Yet they are able to make guns that will pierce that."

"How about dynamite guns and torpedoes."

"That is still in an experimental stage. The year past has demonstrated the possibility of throwing a shell containing a great quantity of dynamite a distance of a mile or so, and exploding it against a vessel. But some of the experiments have led to a doubt as to the effectiveness of the dynamite when exploded against the side of a vessel in this way. It is still in the experimental stage. — *Washington Cor. Cincinnati Times.*

Points in a Good Horse.

A horse's head indicates his character very much as a man's does. Vice is shown in the eye and mouth; intelligence in the eye and in the pose, in the mobile nostril and active ear. The size of the eye, the thinness of the skin, making the face bony, the large, open, thin-edged nostril, the fine ear, and the thin, fine mane and foretop, are indicative of high breeding, and accompany a high-strung, nervous organization, which, with good limbs and muscular power, insures a considerable degree of speed in the animals. The stupidly lazy horse that drivers call a "lunkhead" has a dull eye, usually a narrow head and contracted poll. He is always a blunderer, forgets himself and stumbles on smooth ground, get himself and his owner into difficulty, calks himself, is sometimes positively lazy, but often a hard goer. He needs constant care and watchfulness on the driver's part. A buyer of equine flesh should be able to detect the good and bad qualities of the animal he contemplates purchasing. This valuable knowledge is only acquired by a careful study of the various parts of horse physiognomy.—*Farmer's Advocate.*

OLD SQUIRE BEASLEY.

The Officiating Genius of the Famous Gretna Green of America.

The village of Aberdeen, O., directly opposite this city, has become famous within the last quarter of a century as the Gretna Green of America. More couples are married there in a year than in many large cities of the country. It is the haven of runaway lovers from Kentucky, although couples go there from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and even New York. Aberdeen is a pretty place of about nine hundred inhabitants. It is situated on the Ohio river, sixty-one miles above Cincinnati, and is reached by steamer and ferry-boat. The town is a leading tobacco market. Runaway marriages have become so frequent at Aberdeen that the people pay no attention to them. There are sometimes six or seven weddings a day. The veteran marrying 'Squire is Massie Beasley, who is now seventy-seven years old. He has held his present office continuously for twenty years, and is always re-elected without opposition. Every grade of society appears before 'Squire Beasley to have the hymeneal knot tied. He is a good-hearted old fellow, and if the pair have no money to pay the fee, which is often the case, he dismisses them with his blessing. Some of the couples arrive in carriages and are dressed in silks and broadcloth. Others enter his office barefooted and in rags, but the 'Squire never turns them away, no matter how forlorn or pitiable their condition. He marries people at the dead of night when they are in a hurry to escape the wrath of pursuing fathers or brothers.

'Squire Beasley's office has furnished many sensations which never got into the newspapers. On two or three occasions the wedding has been harshly interrupted by the arrival of pursuers just in time to prevent the ceremony. The age of applicants for his services makes no difference to Mr. Beasley. He has united boys of thirteen and girls of eleven, but up to this time he has never been involved in any trouble. The oldest pair to enter matrimony before the marrying 'Squire was a man of eighty and a woman of seventy-two. It had been a wonder how many mere children could be wedded without making the justice liable to fine and imprisonment. It seems that Beasley is a law unto himself. He asks no questions, and aims to make every body happy without regard to age or color. Most of his patrons are from Kentucky, and the marriage laws of that State are decidedly crude and indefinite. Within the last five years West Virginia has sent many of her young people to Aberdeen to be married. 'Squire Beasley has tied the knot for 4,153 couples in the sixteen years of his career in that time. His predecessor, 'Squire Shelton, who has been dead many years, married 5,000 couples in his life. In thirty years nearly 10,000 pairs of lovers have been made happy or miserable in Aberdeen.

'Squire Beasley is youthful in spirits, being a man of fine social qualities. His office is at his residence, a two-story brick, just on the outskirts of the town. There, with his only son, Captain Tom Beasley, he keeps bachelor's hall. The room used for matrimonial purposes is large and attractive. It contains an old-fashioned book-case and table, cozy arm-chairs, a bedstead, and the 'Squire's pet mocking bird. The experiences of Mr. Beasley prove that people will undergo almost any hardship to get married. The runaways knock at his doors at all hours of the night in the worst of weather. They come on horseback and on foot, frequently being only a few minutes ahead of the infuriated father.

The records of the 'Squire's office show that Lewis County, Kentucky, sends the most runaways to Gretna Green, although every county in that State is well represented in his register. Ohio couples are required to produce a license, and in this way Mr. Beasley saves himself from being amenable to the laws of that State.

Although 'Squire Beasley is a jovial fellow, he is aggravatingly reticent about his career as a dispenser of matrimonial bonds. He has refused repeatedly to be interviewed on the subject and will not have his picture taken. The 'Squire keeps his records, not in a book, but on slips of paper. He says it is nobody's business who the people are that come to him to get married, and he will not reveal any of the many interesting secrets of which he is the possesssor. A newspaper man once offered him a $100,000 for two of his pictures and an interview, but he positively declined to consider the proposition. Mr. Beasley has made several thousand dollars as the result of his reputation as the marrying 'Squire of America.—*Maysville, (Ky.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

—The coasts of Lower California abound with huge turtles, which weigh from 300 to 400 pounds each. Down at Punta Banda, where a company is building a large hotel, one of the workmen, who is an expert swimmer and who spends much time in the water, has become skillful in riding the big animals. A traveler says that when the man sees one that is big enough to ride, he rushes into the water and mounts it. He has a way of slapping the turtles on the side of the head that makes them jog along, and, by striking them, he also guides them. He rode a big fellow near the shore the other day as the stage drove up the coast road, and the occupants of the stage were so pleased with the exhibition that they made up a purse of $20 for the rider.

—An ether-tight joint can be made with a screw-cap by just rubbing common bar soap in the thread. The ether will not penetrate through the soap.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Holcomb, lately Secretary of American Legation at Pekin, says out of the 400,000,000 inhabitants Chinese Empire fully 300,000,000 d less than one dollar and fifty a month for food.

A contest over a seat in the Mary- Legislature is going on between men who bear the striking names retively of Scaggs and Sasscer. gs is said to be a man of command- ability. He recently remarked, a pungency worthy of his high tation for intellectual brilliancy: on't stand any of your Sasscer."

A peculating student at Cornell versity, Ithaca, N. Y., was electri- the other day when he went to ob- a $10 note, part of which was pro- ing from the pocket of a vest hang- in an unoccupied room. A pro- had connected the vest by an ric wire to a signal bell. The vic- made a clean breast of his depreda-

Bunko man (to stranger)—"Aren't Mr. Smith, of Smithville?" nger—"No, sir. My name is Pres- of Philadelphia. I am forming a company to raise funds to deve- e new and wonderful phenomenon h has been unfolded to my friend, Keel——" But by this time the o man was blocks away.—*N. Y.*

The old Connecticut pilgrim known he darned man" is dead. In young ood his mind was unhinged by udden death of his affianced bride, for the rest of his long life he ed through the State, always ing his wedding suit. The great s of his life was to preserve that And the only articles he ever ted were needles and thread or to mend it.

A Pittsburgh coroner's jury re- y returned the verdict "death delirium tremens resulting from ental causes." At another in- , after hearing the doctor say the subject, who killed himself prussic acid, "only accelerated ath, which must have come from mption in a very few weeks," the arrived at this unique verdict: th from consumption, accelerated russic acid."

Foreign letters often come ad- ed in queer fashion. A newspaper ent to Paris to announce the death gentleman at New York. The notice gave the customary ad- for the funeral, adding, "Inter- at Greenwood." To the bewil- ent of the postman and the con- tion of the family, letters of con- e were received addressed to Matilda Blank, So-and-so street. ent at Greenwood." The melan- addendum had been taken for a of suburban annex, such as Yon- -on-Hudson.

The president of one of the leading oad corporations of the Northwest ade the following prediction: "It not be long until points in Dakota is five hundred miles of Duluth sending wheat from their stations alo for fifteen cents a bushel." means that when raised on Da- soil at a cost of from twenty- e to thirty cents a bushel, with an sment of $5.90 per acre, will bring local market, when freights to the seaboard are lowered to this extent, almost the same price that the Eastern farmer receives, raised at double the cost of production and on land representing eight times the capital invested.

—A Boston correspondent writes that the new rough-back playing cards, now becoming somewhat popular, were invented by a well-known club man, Mr. Endicott. He had been playing cards at a club, and after going home and to bed dreamed that he was playing poker and made a misdeal. One of his companions who had an excellent hand reproached him for making him lose the benefit of it. "Very well," Endicott said in his dream; "if you had had rough-back cards it wouldn't have happened. It isn't my fault." When he awoke in the morning he remembered his dream, and the idea of rough-backed cards seemed to him a good one. He reflected, experimented, perfected his improvement, patented it in three or four countries, and is now likely to make a fortune out of his dream.

CHANGED HIS OPINION.

A Man in Search of a House Apologizes to a Renting Agent.

A man who went out house-hunting became indignant when a real estate agent demanded a deposit of fifty cents for each key.

"What, do you suppose I want to steal the keys?"

"O, no."

"Then why do you want me to put up money for them?"

"It is our rule, sir."

"Yes, and one that reflects on the honesty of every man who has dealings with you. Here s a dollar. Give me keys to two of your houses which are palaces now, but which will be tumble-down barns when I look at them."

The gentleman returned late in the afternoon. "I don't like your houses," said he. "They are, as I expected, nothing but barns. Here are your keys; give me my dollar. By the way, I owe you an apology."

"What for?"

"You know I complained against leaving a deposit for the keys."

"Yes."

"Said that such a demand reflected upon my honesty."

"Yes."

"I wish to announce a change of opinion, and commend such shrewd business methods."

"Why so?"

"Well, I discovered, somewhat to my surprise, too, that if I hadn't left the dollar with you I would not have returned the keys."—*Arkansaw Traveler*

POINTS FOR LADIES.

Novelties in Toilet Accessories, Jewelry and Articles of Virtu.

The convenient fashion of wearing bodice of different material from skirt still maintains its ground.

The waltz is again in favor, but german holds its own. The l dance originated at Brussels after battle of Waterloo.

Flower pins in white enamel with gem centers are exceedingly popular as, indeed, are enameled flowers generally.

Walking gloves of Swedish kid finely dressed dogskin are worn promenade costumes. These come cloth shades to match the toilet.

Shot stockings are out to wear evening gowns. Some of these h open-work stripes in relief which from the foot to the ankle and across the leg horizontally.

There is no question but that fancy for broader bracelets is incre ing. This fancy does not appear disturb the popularity of the fine and silver wire bangles which won delight to wear in numbers all the from one to twenty.

In the ornamentation of decorat articles in silver, *repousse*, oxidiz and etching are conspicuous. Oxidiz effects which last year at this seas gave way more or less to white fini are prominent. Gold decoration laid on silver is of frequent occurren especially if the silver object is ox ized.

In vinaigrettes and colognes the riety is indeed bewildering. Number with latest designs are tiny silver on shaped to fit the hollow of the ha and to be carried inside the glove wit out any annoyance to the wearer. Ti crystal tubes closed at one end a finished at the other with a gold top which is set three or four colored gem afford another variety, as do the lit silver ones representing flat, roun bodied flasks, and decorated with t hawthorn pattern in *repousse* work.

The day of the straight gold-case pencil is gone, and in its place ha come some of the oddest conceits ima inable, and designed usually as orn mental appendage to the watch cha There are pencils in form of a stick sealing wax, wishbone, dog, monke etc., and varying in price all the wa from one to ten or more dollars.

The silver deposit process which h become so popular for the decorati of parasol, umbrella and cane handle is being employed with very artistic r sults on fine pottery, glass and ivor Articles for the toilet are out in vario choice faience with a silver coverin which shows here and there throug the silver trimming the color of th ware.—*N. Y. World.*

THE WORD TUMBLER.

How It Came to be Applied to Our Common Drinking Utensils.

I, for one, never thought why t large glass that holds our milk or wa was called a tumbler until, once upo a time, I happened to have lunched at All-Souls' College, Oxford. All Souls' is a curious college. It has n students or "under-graduates," as we call them in England. It consists of a master and a number of "fellows"— men who have taken their degrees and have distinguished themselves as schol ars. There is a quaint old rule to All-Souls' that says a man, to be a fellow of All-Souls', must be "well born, well dressed, and a moderately good doctor in singing." There is no question nowadays of singing! But of good breeding and good scholarship there is. And to be elected a fellow of All-Souls' is a great honor.

One of the most distinguished fellows is Prof. Max Muller, the great philologist, who, though he is a German by birth and was not educated at Oxford, was elected to All-Soul's as a mark of respect for his immense learning. The "common-room," or the fellows' smaller dining-room, is a delightful place, with its great fireplace and its walls all wainscoated with black oak, while through the great window, with its heavy stone mullions, you look out on to ancient ivy-grown buildings round a quiet court which is filled with a space of velvet turf. On the day of which I speak, Prof. Max Muller was giving a luncheon in this splendid room to the charming and talented Princess Alice, the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, and second daughter of Queen Victoria. There were not a dozen guests besides the Princess and her husband, and a very agreeable luncheon we had, with pleasant talk on all kinds of interesting subjects.

But what excited the curiosity of all the strangers present was a set of the most attractive little round bowls of ancient silver, about the size of a large orange. They were brought round, according to the custom of the place, filled to the brim with the famous ale brewed in the college. These, we were told, were tumblers, and we were speedily shown how they came by their names—a fitting lesson for the guests of a philologist! When one of these little bowls was empty it was placed upon the table mouth downward. Instantly, so perfect was its balance, it flew back into its proper position, as if asking to be filled again. No matter how it was treated, trundled along the floor, balanced carefully on its side, dropped suddenly upon the soft, thick carpet, up it rolled again and settled itself with a few gentle shakings and swaying into its place, like one of those India rubber tumbling dolls your baby brothers and sisters delight in. This, then was the origin of our word tumbler, at first made of silver, as are these All-Souls' tumblers. Then, when glass became common, the round glasses that stood on a flat base superseded the exquisitely balanced silver spheres and stole their names so successfully that you have to go to All-Souls' and a few other old houses to see the real thing.—*Wide-Awake.*